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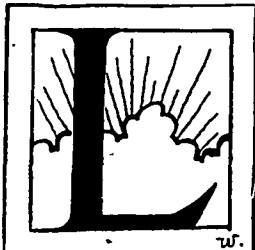
Midnight.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '05.

THE white-prowed moon is anchored in the blue
That arches round the quiet, slumbering world;
The leafy oak limbs droop like banners furled,—
Pregnant the night with calmness. Longingly
And sad I note the universal peace,
Knowing my heart's stern war will never cease.

The French Revolution.

MAURICE J. GRIFFIN, '04.



ORD BEACONSFIELD once said that there were only two events in history—the Siege of Troy and the French Revolution. Whatever the importance of the former, surely the latter deserves a high place in the consideration of men; for it had a world interest, a lasting effect. It advanced the cause of humanity. It marked a distinct epoch in the progress of civilization. It has no parallel in history. Both England and America have had crises in which revolutionary methods were adopted to remove some hindrance from the natural path of the nation. France, on the other hand, was suddenly and violently turned from its accustomed course; the great revolution caused a complete disintegration of the old fabric, the final dissolution of Old France.

The causes of the French Revolution were deep seated. National bankruptcy had long cast its ominous shadow over France. All saw the necessity yet hopelessness of reform. The privileged classes held most of the land, only two-fifths being left to the great mass

of the people—the Third Estate; and yet this Third Estate paid all the taxes, bore all the burdens of the empire. Every year that produced anything but a bounteous harvest meant famine; every severe winter, untold suffering. The people were divided by an Oriental caste distinction from which there was no hope of extrication or preferment in civil or military life. The people were not considered; they had no rights of men. And yet it was not that these peasants were the most oppressed of Europe, but that in their hearts the love of freedom and the spark of liberty still glowed through all the tyranny and oppression.

Nations are conservative and hold sacred all established institutions; but there come times when government no longer performs its true function, when revolution only can readjust the affairs of state. So it was in France. She had long exhibited all the symptoms of a great uprising; she had long been parched to the kindling point, and the slightest breath of armed resistance fanned the smouldering fires into flame.

The first outbreak of the new-born democracy was the taking of the Bastile. This was the test of the new order of things and demonstrated its mastery to an astonished world. That rock fortress with its massive towers had overshadowed liberty for four centuries, had symbolized the most potent political evils, had embodied all the old tyranny and oppression. To the people of Paris it was the flaring standard of the enemy, and they captured it. The fall of the Bastile was not a great military achievement, but a work that will go down the ages as one of the greatest triumphs in the name of liberty, an inspiration to all people, and a proof of their ability to throw off a yoke of oppression. It told the masses at once the weakness of government and their own strength, and awakened them to a new obligation to themselves. With

it, in crashing ruin, fell the sole remaining token of feudalism.

The Bastile only prepared the way for the bringing of the king to Paris. Events now crowded fast, for the independence of the sovereign was at an end and the people were in power. Innovation followed innovation; reforms in jurisprudence, more advanced than any in Europe, were established; all citizens were enfranchised; a new political fabric was builded. France became a constitutional monarchy; but the throne was tottering under the vacillating descendant of sixty kings. The radical element soon prevailed; parliament and the royal sanction were dispensed with; serfdom was relegated to the past; and on the day of the great renunciation all rank was abolished, and king, noble, peasant, each became merely "citizens." Surely these fateful events were shaping their course for the ultimate destruction of aristocracy and monarchy. Lafayette, idol of the people, Mirabeau, mighty guiding genius of both court and convention, had used their last resource to check this progress; but soon the king of France was led to the guillotine as a traitor to his people.

The government now fell into the hands of factions; affairs of state were discussed, and the course of the convention decided upon within the clubs. The doctrine of the sovereignty of the people came to mean the tyranny of the minority, and that minority the most corrupt. In the form of democracy the guillotine was raised. The war of extermination began. The tocsin pealed forth the reign of terror and of vengeance; hearts weighed down for ages now sprang as truest steel to the wildest excess of liberty, of license. The long-pent winds of passion now raged with uncontrollable frenzy, inflaming a maddened people. Paris teemed with rival soldiery. Factionists, who counselled leniency and opposed the dominant power, were first caught in the terrible grasp of vengeance. But soon no man was safe, for a law of the subjected was enforced, and woe to him against whom the finger of suspicion was pointed. Private assassination followed public murder. Poison flourished as in the time of Nero. The destruction of man swept red handed through the Athens of modern Europe. No race, no age, no sex, was spared by these insatiate destroyers. Inoffensive monks, gentle Sisters of Mercy, youthful seminarians, imprisoned soldiers, peaceful citizens, inno-

cent women were sacrificed on the altar of suspicion. Ceaselessly from early morn till late at night the blade of "La Guillotine" was descending; continuously creaked cart after cart freighted with human beings to be hurled into eternity, that earthly "liberty, equality, fraternity" might be secured. In this deluge of blood the accumulated horrors of centuries of despotism reached their climax and brought forth the political regeneration of the world. But the most beautiful city of the earth was indelibly defaced by the greatest of crimes, and her heart grew warm and softened only when moist by the life blood of her best citizens.

Men had rushed to extremes in everything; they had set up new codes of morals; the bonds of matrimony had been dispensed with; nothing old was tolerated. The past was no more; the new era of blood had come. One day only in ten for rest; the Sunday of the teaching of Christ no longer cherished by men; the faith of the world for centuries, that faith which had done so much for the welfare of universal humanity, for the progress of civilization, which had guided and blessed the nations, was ended. Atheism was the religion of France—Reason her goddess. Temples wherein the Holy of Holies had been venerated for ages now resounded with the bacchanalian worship of a deified lawyer's mistress.

Surely only the God they had blasphemed, denied, rejected, could check their fatal way. Those tyrant leaders now raged in turn and fell. Insanity and the delirium of license had run its course, for now a master-hand was raised, the star of destiny appeared, and the booming of the cannon, which guarded the convention, announced at once the end of the terror and the coming of Napoleon whose hand could stay the tide, whose arm could guide the ship of state.

It is true, the pendulum momentarily swung back toward absolutism, and the new-found idol of France became an emperor; but it was the kings of Europe who forced upon her that military despotism. It is true, from time to time, the spirit of the revolution has been subverted by returning monarchy, but each generation since has reaffirmed it. The revolution had done its work for France, because oppressive absolutism was replaced by representative government, and a system of privilege, based on the pitiless degradation of the poor, uprooted forever. She now attained a mean between two awful extremes

of former tyranny and recent terror. On the ruins of fallen monarchy she raised a new republic; in the ashes of old institutions she founded a new era; and on equality, that firm rock bed of enduring government, she builded the altar of patriotic devotion. But she had suffered a most costly experiment in the profound and extensive character of the change. She had paid an awful price for her experience, but she had warned all nations that license is not liberty; that there can be no government and order without law; that in revolution men reject much that is good because it is old; that political advancement is not always ethical betterment; and lastly, that deified reason can never supplant divine faith.

Nor are the results of the French revolution to be traced in France alone; for with the establishment of a republic in the midst of monarchies, all Europe was opened to the principles of popular sovereignty. The rulers of the Old World had learned the great lesson in the forces which act for revolution, that tyranny is not only never just, but never safe government; that, although people are long-suffering and endure oppression for ages, yet the time at last comes when the whole nation rises in its gigantic might and with thunder-summons demands reparation.

The eyes of all people were directed to this new nation. The flood of the new sentiment invaded all lands. The spirit of the revolution went forth to all men. Every state felt its mighty power. It made absolute thrones less safe. It filled all people with its inspiration; for in the tribunal of nations, in the parliament of kings rang forth the declaration that all men were to be free, and on the shield of justice, now triumphant in the van, was writ in gorgeous letters, that trinity of political virtues—"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

"They Say."

EUGENE P. BURKE, '05.

Did you ever stop to think of the truthfulness of what "They" say? I mean that great body of walking information who tell you what you ought to do because "they say" it is good.

I was standing on the platform of a railway station one day, waiting for the train to Chicago when I met one of those "they say"

people. He took the trouble to tell me what I might expect in the big city. "They say," he remarked, "that a visit to Chicago is one continuous delight."

When I got to Chicago I determined to start right in with the "continuous delight." I decided to ride on the elevated train so I could get a good look at the high buildings. I went up the long stairway, paid my nickel and waited for a car. It came in a minute. I thought it was rather crowded to be "delightful," but the conductor bawled out: "Step inside, plenty of room!" and I went in.

I had hardly stepped inside when somebody stepped on my toes. It was so crowded I could not look down but had to gaze painfully on the many advertisements posted along the upper walls of the car. After a time, I became aware that the gentleman in front of me was the one who had mistaken my feet for the floor of the car. I decided to correct his mistake, so I spoke to him:

"Are you going to get off soon?" I asked.

"Three stops more," he replied.

"How long do you intend to stop here?" I asked.

A sudden flash of light seemed to have brightened the eyes of the gentleman in front and he asked, rather snappishly:

"Why, am I robbing you?"

"Somebody is forcibly impressing me," I said meekly.

I made up my mind to try and bear it a while longer. I engaged in conversation with a gentleman who was a very close friend of mine. We talked about the coal strike, and my friend, who for the time, was "living on me," chimed in now and again.

"This coal question is a mix-up anyway," I said.

"You don't understand," said my friend in front.

"I think I understand all right," I said, "but I wish somebody else would understand until you reach the third stop."

"Just then we started around a curve, and the man behind me called out:

"Keep your feet everybody!"

"Off my feet," I chimed in, unable to bear it any longer. The gentleman took the hint and climbed down.

I got off at the next stop. I started down the long stairway and had hardly reached the bottom when a number of small newsboys ran up to me yelling rather vigorously: "News or American. Here's the News or American."

I thought there must be something special in the paper, so I questioned one little fellow:

"What is the news, Johnny?"

"One cent, sir, *News or American*," he answered promptly.

So far I had failed to find that "one continuous delight." While at dinner in one of the hotels one day I asked the gentleman opposite me what was going on in the way of amusement. He put on that intelligent face and replied:

"They say the great amusement of to-day is the races."

I soon found the race track. I paid for a seat in the grand stand and watched the horses come out from the paddock.

"Which is the best horse, do you think?" I asked a man standing near me.

"They say the Princess has this race by a mile," he answered.

"I put near all my money on the Princess. The race was close. I saw the Princess come to the front at the three-quarter, and pass the judge's stand a nose ahead.

"She's got it!" I said to the man who had given me the tip.

"So they say," he said hurriedly and started off to the betting ring.

The Judge stood up to announce the results:

"Babe Turner first, Princess a close second."

"This is delightful," I said sickly to myself and started for my hotel. I had not even money enough to pay my passage back home. Evidently I must go to work. I got a position at fairly high wages.

One day I remarked to the clerk:

"I would not mind having a few dollars more a week."

"They say," he replied, "that if a man wants higher wages he's got to go up and demand it and threaten to leave."

I determined to do that at the beginning of the next week. I went up bravely to the boss and said:

"I want a raise at once or I'll leave!"

I got it, and immediately occupied my new position—a little beyond the curbstone.

Well, I had earned enough to get home, and since then I have organized a campaign against the members of the "They Say" fraternity.

WHEN the crowd acclaims its favorites it applauds itself. It gives no ovations to philosophers and poets, the air of whose worlds it can not mold into articulate utterance.—*Spalding*.

Varsity Verse.

DE PROFUNDIS.

 LORD, I pray Thee hear my voice,
 Which from the depths I raise to Thee,
 And may Thy ever-willing ear
 Attentive to my pleadings be;

For who has strength to stand the trial,
 If Thou art mindful of our ways?
 In Thee alone the grace is found
 Whereby our minds from dross we raise.

Thy blessed word is like a spring,
 At which my parched soul doth drink.
 I would that I might from this day
 My heart with Thine forever link.

From break of day till fall of night,
 Let Israel's suppliant voice be heard;
 For rich with mercy is the Lord,
 And full redemption's in His word.

M. W.

MEERSTILLE.

(Goethe.)

Deep silence fills the breathless air,
 The sea lies void of motion,
 And anxiously the skipper's gaze
 Studies the voiceless ocean.

No whiff of wind from any side,
 But deathlike stillness keeping
 A vigil o'er the glassy blue
 'Neath which the waves are sleeping.

C. L. O'D.

A REFLECTION.

Sometimes the choicest books seem dull,
 And bravest souls distressed are;
 Sometimes the best of men do fall,
 And heaven is without a star.

To know if aught is well worth while,
 Sometimes the mind is bothered quite;
 For every day the selfsame sun
 Must rise at morn and set at night.

That man must smile and be polite—
 Sometimes, at least, all sane men know;
 And if man's courage be not high,
 'Tis folly sheer the truth to show.

Sometimes his day is full of joy,
 Then other days are soon forgot;
 Because, if man could cast the die,
 Naught else but joy would be his lot.

F. F. D.

NOT GUILTY.

Fair maid, I fain would give thee grief,
 But truth must out—some one's a thief.
 Ha! ha! you blush and turn away—
 Your guilt, your very looks betray.

You stole a priceless gem—my heart—
 From which I hope you ne'er will part.
 "Ne'er part!" said she, quite taken back,
 "Sir, I'm a kleptomaniac." J. P. O'R.

Medieval Drama.

MICHAEL J. SHEA, '04.

Hamilton Wright Mabie in "William Shakspere, Poet, Dramatist and Man," furnishes a very apt preface to the subject of early English plays by introducing the idea of the correlation between the drama and the Church. Mr. Mabie clearly shows that this idea, so evident in the ancient drama of pagan times, was equally a factor in the formation of the English drama. English dramatic art—to continue a figure of speech used by Mr. Mabie—is now, it would seem, in the feebleness of old age, "the lean and slippered pantaloon" period, environed by conditions which check growth, if they do not altogether prevent life. The strength and vitality of Shakspere has gone, perhaps never to return. But if we go back far enough in the life of our drama we shall find that it had its origin in the Church. Just as the ancient drama was born at the foot of the pagan altar, so, says Mr. Mabie, "more than eighteen hundred years later the drama was born again at the foot of the altar."

From the downfall of Rome and for a century afterward, there prevailed a degenerate drama whose vulgarity and indecency fully justified its condemnation by the Church. The disapproval of this corrupt form did not mean that the Church was opposed to all manifestations of dramatic instinct. On the contrary, she had utilized this instinct in her forms of worship for centuries, since the Mass is a dramatization of certain principal facts around which, as a centre, all Christendom moves. The conformity of the Mass with the various dramatic laws,—a fact noted by Mr. Mabie and many other critics,—has probably been observed by everyone acquainted with its impressive liturgy.

In addition to the representation in the Mass of that most dramatic episode, Christ's Passion and Death, the Church introduced tableaux in lieu of the condemned drama. These tableaux, living pictures, date back to the fifth century when certain striking scenes of the New Testament were reproduced accompanied by music and the reading of that part of the Scriptures by which the scene was suggested. Another step was taken in the natural development of the drama when the characters in the tableau spoke and

moved, and this progression placed the drama on the threshold of that period whose advent was marked by the mystery. In Mr. Mabie's book a description of one of the ancient tableaux, which took place at Durham on Good Friday, proves that the development into the later and more complete drama was gradual and not forced or artificial.

To quote from Mr. Mabie: "It is easy to follow the dramatic development of such a theme and to understand how beautiful and impressive worship became when the divine tragedy was not only sung and described, but acted before the high altar by gorgeously robed priests. Thus the drama was born a second time at the foot of the altar." The idea, so well stated by Mr. Mabie that the Church was the source of English drama, is not peculiar to him, since many students have traced the first performance in the new era of drama to the celebration of High Mass.

A transition came when the drama acquired a life of its own and was no longer connected with the liturgy. The immense crowds that gathered to witness the plays caused the removal of the stage from within the church to the churchyard outside. Presently greater innovations were introduced: the vernacular was substituted for Latin, laymen were assigned the important parts which heretofore had always been acted by clerics, and humor and even farce found place. These changes finally resulted in the fully developed mystery. Later the mysteries were taken out of the churchyard and given over to the Guilds who produced them on pageant wagons in the modified form of miracle plays. Finally a third variation resulted in what are known as the moralities: allegorical representations of personified virtues and qualities.

Thus the drama of the medieval period is divided into three classes: the mysteries, the miracle plays, and the moralities. The mysteries and miracle plays, which were under the supervision of the Church more than the moralities, are found in the early literature of all the Catholic countries of Europe. The mysteries have been often confused with the miracle plays. However, the mysteries proper dealt with scriptural events only, and their primary purpose was to set forth the redemption of the world as accomplished by the Nativity, the Passion and the Resurrection. The miracle plays, on the other hand, were concerned chiefly with the legends of the

saints. In the earliest and simplest form of the mystery, subjects from the Bible were rudely treated in the form of a dialogue between two persons. The morality differed from the mystery in that it taught and illustrated truths, not by direct representation of scriptural legends, but allegorically, using as characters personified qualities and virtues.

The mysteries composed by monks were acted by clergymen, or under their direction, on a stage which was a sort of graduated platform in three divisions, one above the other. The three platforms represented heaven, earth and hell, and the various characters appeared on that part of the stage corresponding to their state. The simple monks followed with strict literalness every detail of the scriptural narrative, and saw no impropriety in bringing on the stage the most supernatural beings, such as the Three Persons of the Trinity, the devil, canonized saints and martyrs. A comic element was introduced by representing the wicked characters as placed in ridiculous positions. The devil, therefore, usually played the part of the clown. A demand for more comedy led to the extension of the ridiculous element from the wicked characters to the other personages of the play. For example, in an English mystery on the Deluge a comic scene is produced by the refusal of Noah's wife to enter the ark and by the ensuing quarrel, in which she receives a severe beating from her lord and master. With genuine female perversity, Mrs. Noah still refuses to enter the ark, and is finally pulled aboard forcibly by her sons after the water has risen to her neck.

As the devils furnished the comic and most popular part of the play, their abode, hell, was always the most carefully arranged of the three compartments and its mechanism was—for those times—quite intricate. The mouth of hell opened and closed, emitted flames and let loose shrieking devils who brandished curved hooks in their hands. An ear-splitting din, back of the mouth and supposed to represent the groans and cries of the damned, was produced by knocking pans and pots against each other. Pans were in frequent use in the early plays: Abel had one concealed under his coat from which Cain, with a club, drew forth sounds that convulsed the audience. A manuscript containing directions for the staging of a comic scene from the play, "Adam," has survived to the present day. The heroes of the play, Adam and Eve,

are to be taken to hell, there to await Christ's coming, and the scene is described in the manuscript as follows: "Then the devil will come and three or four devils with him with chains in their hands and iron rings which they will put around the neck of Adam and Eve. Some push them and others draw them toward hell. Other devils awaiting them by the entrance, jump and tumble as a sign of their joy for the event." After the placing of Adam and Eve in hell, the manuscript directs that "the devils will cause a great smoke to rise; they will emit merry vociferations, and knock together their pans and caldrons so as to be heard from the outside. After a while devils will come out and run about the place." During this scene but few showed any sympathy for the sad fate of Adam and Eve, while the crowd, as a whole, was greatly amused by the "merry vociferations" and antics of the devils.

In the manuscripts referred to, occur certain expressions which, although in accordance with the naive practices of the time, seem to us little short of blasphemous. We find on record such entries as: "payed for a pair of gloves for God;" "payed for gilding God's coat;" "payed to players for rehearsal—to God, to Pilate and his wife;" "payed for keeping fyer at hell's mouth," and many others. In another play, representing the Crucifixion, a messenger comes to tell the First Person of the Trinity of His Son's death. Finding God asleep, the messenger rudely awakes Him, and after delivering the message severely chides Him for sleeping at such a time. The Deity replies: "Devil, take me if I knew anything about it."

The mysteries and miracle plays continued to be popular from the eleventh to the fifteenth century; and then only gradually ceased to be presented. At the present time there exists a very beautiful and reverent example of this ancient dramatic form in the Passion Play at Oberammergau, a little village in Bavaria. The play owes its origin to a vow made by the Oberammergau peasants nearly three hundred years ago. When in 1633 the mountain districts of Bavaria were laid waste by a plague, the people of Oberammergau made a solemn vow that if the plague were removed they would every ten years perform devoutly the sacred scenes of the Passion. The plague almost immediately ceased, and since that time the Passion Play has been given at intervals not exceeding ten

years. The play was originally written by the Benedictine monks of Ettal, a small hamlet near Oberammergau, but has since undergone many alterations. The play is divided into eighteen scenes from the Passion, most of them preceded by tableaux typical of the following scene. This arrangement shows the identity of the Passion Play in form with the miracle plays of five centuries ago.

The moralities, unlike the mysteries, were allegorical, but like the mysteries they were very simple in form. The Devil and Vice, the clowns, furnished of course the humorous parts, and were by far the most popular characters with the audience. The moralities of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, which were performed by the trades' guilds of the principal cities of England, come, for the most part, from the French and other continental languages. An example of this fact is the morality play "Everyman," the recent production of which in New York and Chicago has aroused much curiosity among the playgoers and renewed interest in the early English drama.

"Everyman," which is one of the finest examples of morality plays extant, was first written in Dutch by Peter Dorland of Diest, a priest who lived during the latter half of the fifteenth century, and was published in London in 1531. In this play the Greek unities of time, place and action are closely observed. The action is continuous, occupying a little less than two hours, and there is no change of scene nor division into acts. The stage resembles that of the classic theatres, with set pulpitum, proscenium and orchestra, the different characters making their entrances and exits from the front in full view of the audience.

The musical chorus which is of minor importance, is partly concealed in a latticed loft at one side in which the Deity is also seen surrounded by angels. In the present production of "Everyman" there are a few slight inaccuracies. In the first place, the costuming is in accordance with modern ideas and so is historically incorrect. A similar anachronism is noticeable in the musical chorus. The chief inaccuracy, however, is the stage, which by its elaborateness suggests the churchyard rather than the pageant wagon, and consequently is more suited to the mystery than the morality play. Nevertheless, these trifling inaccuracies are made necessary by modern stage methods and are by no means defects.

The play begins with the entrance of two cowled monks who take their places at either corner of the stage. The Prologue is then intoned with grave solemnity by a third black-robed figure, known as the Messenger. Thereupon the voice of the Almighty, known by the stage name of Adonai, is heard from heaven, calling upon Death to intercept Everyman, who is living a gay and thoughtless life, and summon him to undertake the dread pilgrimage from which there is no return, and for which he must be well prepared. Death slowly enters—a grim image of terror, wearing a gay cap to emphasize by contrast his hideous skull and bare bones—and receives his instructions from Adonai. At this point Everyman enters, gayly dressed and carrying a lute. Death immediately delivers his message to the young man, sternly refusing any delay or respite, and ironically advises Everyman to prove his friends by asking them to accompany him on the fatal journey.

In accordance with Death's advice, Everyman calls in turn upon Fellowship, Kindred and Riches, his boon friends, all of whom put him off with trifling and sarcastic excuses. In despair he appeals to Good Deeds, but she is so weighed down with his many shortcomings and is so feeble that she can not rise to comfort him on his way. She sends, however, for her sister, Knowledge, who consents to go with Everyman to the dreaded reckoning at the eternal judgment-seat. Confession, in a priest's robes, clothes Everyman with the pilgrim's dress and presents him with the scourge of mortification and the jewel of penance. The hour finally arrives, and Everyman, leaning upon the cross for his staff, prepares to die, after taking pathetic leave of his beloved companions, Beauty, Strength, Discretion and Five Wits. The play ends with the descent of Everyman into the grave and the entrance of his purified and uprisen soul into heaven amid strains of celestial music. Finally the black-robed messenger enters, pronounces the Epilogue and the play is ended.

The allegorical morality plays,—of which "Everyman" is a type,—fittingly termed "the personifications of abstractions," are but a step removed from the primitive dramatic forms of church worship; they are almost contemporaneous and identical with that form of drama which, as Mr. Mabie says, had its birth "at the foot of the altar."

A Daring Rescue.

FRANCIS J. BARRY, '03.

"Wake up, you sleepy rascal! Here it is eight o'clock, and you still in bed. Wake up, Corney, I say!"

Corney rubbed his eyes. He had played cards till late the night before, and now to be waked up so soon was unbearable.

"Old Tim will attend to the horses," he said, sleepily, and gathered the bedclothes more comfortably round him.

"Nonsense! You have to harness Bess and take Miss Eileen from the train. She is coming home to-day. Get up quickly."

Corney saw no escape from the determination of the steward, and dragged himself out of bed complainingly.

"I'd sooner be coachman to Old Nick himself than this same McCarthy," he said. "I'll show him yet that the Crowley's are the equals of the McCarthys. Didn't Dick Brennan tell me last night that the Crowley's were the oldest family in Knocklee, and that the McCarthys were a pack of usurpers. I'll talk to this McCarthy yet, or my name isn't Corney Crowley."

Corney's duty was to take care of the horses in the McCarthy stables, and to drive whenever needed. Unless the steward was on the premises, he usually smoked or went to sleep while old Tim Daly did the work. Devout old Tim never complained, but took all Corney's abuse in a spirit of Christian patience.

Corney soon appeared in the stables and began to thunder his orders to old Tim, who was just then leading Bess from the water.

"Give Bess an extra scoop of oats to-day," he said, "and be quick about it. She has to measure the road between here and Glenlahan before noon. I'll be back in half an hour; have her ready for me."

Corney went off to get ready and returned in a short time, as spry a coachman as ever mounted a dickey. He cracked his whip with a flourish as he climbed to his seat, and sped off at a steady pace. It was now nine o'clock. Glenlahan was thirty-four miles distant, and he must reach there before noon. Bess knew what was expected from her, and was not slow in placing the miles behind her. She was noted for her endurance, and the train whistle was heard in the distance as

McCarthy's carriage drove down the main street of Glenlahan.

Corney scanned the faces of the passengers as they got off the train. Only one lady was among them. She was a girl of about nineteen, tall and graceful. Corney waited expecting a little girl to get off. He had taken Eileen McCarthy to the train three years before, when she left to go to the convent in Germany, where her aunt was a Sister of Mercy.

She was then a rollicking girl with black curls and blue eyes, and Corney was disappointed at not seeing her among the passengers. The lady that got off the train waited impatiently as if expecting some one. Corney and she were the only persons in the waiting-room. After a little while Corney approached her and inquired:

"Beg pardon, ma'am, did you see anything of a little girl, on your way up?"

"What girl?"

"She wears black curls, and I think she has on a brown cloak."

"I don't know whether I met her or not. A girl got off the train at Steven's Ridge. She wore a brown cloak, but I think she was red-haired."

"No, that's not the girl. Eileen has black hair. She is a little girl, you know. She was in the convent in—Germany or some place."

"In the convent in Germany?"

"Yes, that's the name. Did you know her?"

"What was the name of the convent?"

"Faith, if you gave me a pound note, I couldn't tell you that. Her name was Eileen McCarthy, if that's any news for you."

"Why, I'm Eileen McCarthy!"

"Bless your soul, this was a little girl with a brown cloak. Didn't I drive herself and the nun to this very town, and wasn't it Bess herself was in the harness the same day?"

Corney started away.

"Wait a moment," the young lady cried.

"You may be Eileen McCarthy," Corney replied. "I don't deny it. But you're not the Eileen I mean. There are more Tim Murphys in town than one."

Corney was getting saucy in his replies.

"Are you Corney Crowley?" the young lady asked.

"I am that."

"Why, you remember me, don't you, Corney? I had black curls then; that was three years ago. Don't you remember you kissed me when I said good-bye to you?"

Corney blinked his eyes, raised his hands over his forehead and gazed at the speaker.

"Well, if you're foolin' me, I'll get back at you. But if you're Eileen McCarthy you're a changed girl. Bless my soul, but you grew tall: Welcome home!"

Corney shook hands with her. "I believe she is Eileen after all," he muttered, as he led her toward the carriage. "But didn't she grow, though!"

Bess was soon on the way home, and, as Corney would say, no grass grew under her feet either. Corney's mind was peculiarly agitated as he sat rigid on his dickey. He no longer looked upon Eileen as a little romping girl. She was, he fancied, almost his own equal in age and experience. He knew it was unpardonable impudence to look upon Eileen as his equal, but the words of Dick Brennan came back to him:

"The Crowleyes are the oldest family in Knocklee." He was as noble as Edward McCarthy; and as far as good looks went, he could hold his own with the most popular squire in the land.

"Whom do all the girls admire at the hurling match?" he asked himself. "Who would look at old McCarthy with his rheumatics and his stick, when a Crowley could be seen?"

True, Corney's boasting was not without foundation. You might search the countryside before you found a young man of better proportions. He fancied that in a short time he would make Eileen like him, and then—but old McCarthy would never have a Crowley for a son-in-law.

With thoughts like these rushing through his brain, he was unconscious of his surroundings and woke up only when the trees around Knocklee House loomed up in the distance. Bess was in a lather of sweat, for he made her keep pace with his thoughts all the way. He helped Eileen from the carriage and drove to the stables where he handed Bess over to old Tim's care.

He went back to the house to see if he could be of any further use. He wanted to find out if Eileen was the real Miss Eileen. He was told that he could be of no further service that day, but that early next morning he should drive to Leeton for Miss Norris who had been Eileen's friend before she went away.

"And be sure to be up early," McCarthy warned.

Corney swore that if six o'clock found him in bed he would allow the stable boys to throw

cold water on him. This was the punishment McCarthy inflicted on sleepy servants.

"'Tis a bargain," McCarthy exclaimed, always ready for a joke. "I'll tell Joe, and if you get punished, blame yourself."

Corney agreed to the contract, and to make sure that he would keep his word he went to bed early. He was scarcely asleep when he heard a sound. He listened.

"Corney!" It was Eileen's voice. His heart thumped with joy. Had she fallen in love with him, and wanted to run away? Such a thing was not impossible. He got up and looked out. It was a moonlight night with a few wreaths of white clouds scattered among the stars. He could hear the corn-crakes in the meadows in the valley, over which hovered a gray mist. Beneath his window he beheld Eileen dressed in a riding habit.

"What do you want?" he whispered.

"The night is so fine," she answered, "that I'd like to take a stroll over the meadows on my little pony, Lucy. Pa says she is still in the stables. You will come, won't you?" she asked sweetly. "They don't know," she added, as she pointed her riding whip toward the house.

Nothing could be more delightful to Corney. He proposed that Eileen take some other horse, as Lucy was no longer sure-footed. Eileen preferred to take her own pony.

In ten minutes they were both in their saddles, Eileen leading and recklessly jumping over ditches and fences. Lucy stumbled more than once and threatened every moment to fall and injure Eileen. Nevertheless they kept their course over hill and dale till they came to the Ellog River. This was a stream that only the best hunters could leap, and yet Eileen faced Lucy for the jump.

"Stop!" Corney cried; but he was too late. Lucy had slipped on the bank, and horse and rider were struggling in the water.

Under other circumstances Corney might have hesitated, but he reasoned that if he saved Eileen's life he would place her under an everlasting obligation, and probably induce her to marry him. He plunged in. The water was so cold that he gave a scream. This woke him up, and he opened his eyes to see Joe, the stable-boy, coming toward him with the second pail of cold water. The first pail had broken the spell of his dreamy fancies.

Corney still boasts that if it hadn't been a dream, he would be the richest man in Knocklee to-day.

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—The movement set a-foot by Professor Petersen to organize a Glee Club deserves the support of the student body. We have already a university band at Notre Dame, but this should not be sufficient. The collegiate attendance is large and could easily furnish talent for another musical organization. Authorities differ regarding the merits of music, some holding that it is a power for good, others for evil. The particular kind of music is doubtless an important consideration. We prefer to overlook their learned discussions and agree with Shakspere in his condemnation of the unmusical person. To the minds of some we may be recalling with no little pain the "tireless young lady musician next door," but we brave the danger, for it may be that in many cases the jester was an unsuccessful suitor for her hand. The great majority of people like music, and students, we presume, are no exception. Those students with musical ability would do well to join the Glee Club. Not only will the practice be advantageous to them, but it will help in promoting the happiness of others.

—An easy road to the art of composition is still undiscovered. Many persons find the way so difficult that they give up in despair, or at best travel only as far as they must. Especially is this true of literary amateurs, such as all college students are. We get ideas—only God knows how—and like so

many offsprings of nature, they are born naked. Their wardrobe is the vocabulary, and if the true art is ours we can clothe them in a fashion original and enduring. This of course does not mean that the ideas are of secondary importance. To clothe these ideas properly is the high privilege of man, for only man can work with such choice material as words. Words, however, like other gifts of the Creator, should not be misused. The writer is at fault if his best thought appears in the garb of a buffoon or beggar, but he is more to blame if through laziness the thought remains unexpressed.

—Since the greater number of our most acceptable authors limit their work to prose, one may ask why should not the student find this medium sufficient without having recourse to verse? In trying his hand at verse the student is not expected to produce excellent poetry, for with poetry as an art he has very little to do. It is safe to affirm that in the whole college world not a dozen stanzas of real poetry make their appearance throughout the entire year. The place that versification finds in college work is due to the admittedly useful purpose it serves as an exercise in composition. Verse also affords the student a wide field for his imagination and a relief from the everyday monotony of prose. It is better suited to his youthful, hopeful temperament, and he takes pleasure in giving vent to his thoughts after the manner—however far behind them—of the immortal singers with whom he has a reading acquaintance. Like them he would tell of other people's struggles, passions and aspirations, and like them, too, he often succeeds in betraying his own.

—The youth of half a century ago never had advice thrust upon him in the public manner in which it is dispensed to the boy of to-day. At least he was not confronted in so many newspapers and magazines with "How to Succeed," "How to be a Useful Citizen," "Advice to the College Graduate." Articles on these topics together with biographical sketches of millionaires seem to be the whole stock-in-trade of these publications. The possession of wealth is the great good to which the reader is asked to aspire, and the advice offered is doubtless well meant, but it engenders an inordinate desire for money which is too generally accepted as the measure

of success. But what is success? and who are the successful? If success means merely the gathering of wealth, then history will have to reverse its judgment and say that the world's greatest teacher was a failure. The pabulums which these literary venders deal out to the penniless youth could well be substituted by advice to the rich on what they should do with their millions.

—When such a man as Mr. David Bispham, the opera and concert singer, gives out as his opinion that "America stands at the head of the nations in its appreciation of the art of music to-day," the much-misused indigenous musician may draw a long mark on the small side of his ledger. This is a wholesome change from the ravings of European prodigies, musical and unmusical, who, nevertheless, are ever ready to come to our land of commercialism to fatten their purses. Even should one allow that the above remark from Mr. Bispham is an exaggeration, the musical achievements of Mr. Theodore Thomas, Mr. Henry L. Higginson with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Frank Damrosch with the People's Choral Union, and Mr. Victor Herbert with his Pittsburg Orchestra, furnish sufficient subject-matter for an extensive controversy against American musical barbarity.

The results obtained in this country by such managers of opera—both grand and comic—as Maurice Grau and Mr. Savage, prove very satisfactorily that our men and women do support organizations composed of the greatest operatic singers. The commercial possibilities may have somewhat to do with the fact that America can claim the presence on her shores of more great musicians—whether European or otherwise—than any other country; still, when our people support such organizations and go to their productions night after night they must certainly educate themselves materially.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is characterized by Mr. Bispham as "probably the finest body of instrumentalists in existence." That is something for America to be proud of. Theodore Thomas' Chicago Orchestra has a world-wide fame, and this reputation is well deserved. What is needed in this country is the founding of a "University of Music," which, "having affiliations with all schools previously existing among us, could extend its influence throughout the country by dis-

covering, fostering and importing the best talent, and publishing and supplying the best music of all schools to the public; by opening circulating libraries where all the compositions of noted composers of all times might be obtained; and by superintending, if not actually carrying on, the general instruction, not only of individuals but of the masses."

Mr. Bispham's article in the December *North American Review* should be carefully read, for it is a noteworthy effort. A musical education placed on the plane of the public school, and affording a comprehensive and practical study of music, would certainly place the musical possibilities of America in an ideal setting.

—How much easier it is to read a book than to write one. The work that can be read from cover to cover in a few hours may have cost its author months or years of labour. According to last month's *Bookman*, "successful novels have been written in four days' time; others quite as successful have been the work of a lifetime. The temperament of the writer has much to do with this matter of time, for some of the brotherhood believe in revision, while some others—perhaps unfortunately—do not." Henry James and William Dean Howells, both accomplished craftsmen, do much revising and rewriting. Marion Crawford sometimes does very rapid work, but on an average produces two novels a year. James Whitcomb Riley often spends weeks upon one brief poem. Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins found it necessary to revise; Thomas Nelson Page and Robert Chambers rewrite and correct; and the great Tolstoy's manuscripts are rewritten five or six times. Zola, who worked methodically, took ten months in writing a book. Hall Caine spent three years in writing the *Manxman*, while it is said Bret Harte "tore up a dozen pages of manuscript for every one that he completed." Booth Tarkington, one of Indiana's rising authors, did not offer *Monsieur Beaucaire* to a publisher until two years after it was written, and Markham took fourteen years to bring "The Man with the Hoe" to completion. Of course, authors spend much more time in gathering material than in composing. On reading these particulars the student should not be discouraged, but rewrite and revise even as the masters themselves have to do. It is some consolation for him to learn that he is not the only one on whom the woes of the composer descend.

King Lear.

Opinions on the subject of Lear's insanity, taken from examination papers, and continued from last week's SCHOLASTIC:

Almost all medical authorities and specialists on the subject of insanity agree that, in the character of King Lear, Shakspere has admirably delineated a sufferer from this disease. Nor is this belief confined to medical men alone, for the type of insanity is so perfect that it has been frequently cited in the courts of law. King Lear has far outlived the average age of man, and bears the weight of his many years none too easily. From the shock of his daughters' ingratitude his mind gradually gives way, and instead of the harmony of reason we hear "bells jangling out of tune." Lear does not become a raving maniac until the full force of the cruelty and infidelity of Goneril and Regan is made known to him. The climax of his madness is reached during that fearful night on the heath when he delivers his piteous harangue to the elements. From this scene his madness gradually subsides, and almost, but not entirely, disappears after his refreshing sleep. When he enters in the last scene with the dead body of Cordelia in his arms, crying: "Howl! howl! howl!" his mind is still affected by the happenings of the previous fortnight, and I do not think that he can be said to be entirely sane. He was worn out with old age and the cares of state, and was not strong enough to stand the shock of filial ingratitude, and thus succumbed to insanity. In the play, which is a monument to Shakspere's genius, the insanity of King Lear has a growth, a culmination, and a decline, and is closed fittingly by a pathetic death. R. E. H.

**

I think that there has been too much written on the subject of King Lear's insanity to allow a student to form a correct judgment of the real character of King Lear. His insanity seems to me to be true, although some think that it is only feigned or meant to be comic. Many doctors, who are specialists on this subject, claim that it presents all the symptoms of insanity. They say that King Lear possesses a strong predisposition to the disease which is gradually developed by an adequately exciting cause. "In his prodromic period of disorder, his emotions are perverted while his instincts remain intact," says an author

of the day. Many, however, can not perceive his insanity until he is actually raving, while others claim that he is almost totally insane from the beginning of the play. A careful study will show that there is in the beginning but a predisposition to the disease which is fully developed by the ingratitude of his daughters.

Even if his daughters had remained faithful to the end, something else would have turned up that would have freed his insanity from the bonds which kept it in restraint and let it burst forth with, perhaps, even greater violence. In his own lines King Lear unknowingly gives forebodings of the disease; in fact, with each successive appearance he seems to lose control of his reason, and finally appears upon the stage actually raving. Some authors of the day claim that King Lear and his three daughters are moulded out of the same metal, and that Regan, Goneril and even Cordelia herself, though in a much less degree than her two sisters, show hereditary traits, which only further goes to prove that the insanity of King Lear was real.

E. DeW.

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The belief that Lear's madness was due to the cruel treatment he received, seems to me well founded. When the action of the play began, Lear was an old man, almost eighty years of age, and at that period he may have been turning to "second childishness and mere oblivion." One need not wonder, therefore, that he asked each of his daughters how much she loved him. Supposing then that Lear's mental powers were declining, as his physical powers undoubtedly were, the shock caused by the sudden discovery of ingratitude on the part of the two daughters whom he trusted most and did most for, might well result in his insanity. Perhaps, too, Lear inherited a disposition to this disease, and needed only the conditions to transform him into a maniac. This assumption is not incompatible with the views held by medical science. The method which some critics have noticed in Lear's ravings does not refute the contention that he was mad. When some stately ship goes to wreck we may expect to see spars and cordage floating with the angry currents; so too when reason is overthrown, a coherent phrase may be detected in the Maelstrom that follows. To sum up, I do not believe that Lear was mad when Shakspere first introduces him; the old king was senile, and the terrible mental anguish caused by the unkindness of his two daughters induced his insanity.

P. M.

Thursday's Entertainment.

Mr. E. Clinton Adams, prestidigitator, was the number on the lecture course for last Thursday; and it is safe to say that a more thoroughly pleased audience never left Washington Hall than that which saw—or tried to see—the tricks he did by sleight of hand. Mr. Adams is certainly a master of the art of legerdemain, and he is not merely a successful mystifier but a most pleasing entertainer. For an hour and a half he kept up a string of surprises that delighted equally the Minim and the Professor. His explanations and running comments on the work were instructive; but explanation of the method of deception only served to increase the admiration for the manual dexterity that made it possible. The performer used no paraphernalia nor any of the usual apparatus, relying simply on his wonderful control of the muscles of his hands to work his tricks. He performed only tricks of his own invention, among the best of them being the card and coin palming and the cigar trick. How he made a card stand in air, without any visible means of support, how he replaced a torn card in a picture frame, and how, above all, he could make the necessary movements for the trick so rapidly as to escape the eyes of those grouped within a few feet of him, are questions the Minim is still asking his friends. We hear that Mr. Adams has consented to give us another and more detailed exhibition; we assure him a most cordial reception whenever he may return to Notre Dame.

Our Debaters.

The first series of the preliminary debating trials, extending over a week, and continued every evening in the Law Room of Sorin Hall, came to an end last Friday. In all, forty-eight candidates had entered for these contests, but owing to the illness of some and to the delay of others in returning from the Christmas vacation, only forty competed. The debates, however, were none the less interesting, and every place was hotly contested, for, as those who were present can well testify. Professor Murphy acted as chairman, and superintended the drawing for positions by the different speakers. The question for debate was: Resolved, that the United States

should not retain permanent control of the Philippine Islands." Each speaker was allowed ten minutes for the development of his arguments and was judged on his individual merits. There were no rebuttals, neither was team-work permitted. From the forty contestants twenty-five were chosen who will qualify for the second series of preliminaries. Professor Murphy wishes to return thanks to the gentlemen who laid aside important work in order to be present and act as judges of these debates.

The names of the successful candidates are as follow:—Bolger, Devereaux, Kanaley, O'Grady, Daly, Green, Lyons, Hanley, Carrico, J. Burke, Brown, Toner, Griffin, F. Burke, Procter, Carey, Furlong, Erving, McKeever, Barry, O'Phelan, O'Donnell, Myers, Sweeney, Farabaugh. Those that have been defeated should not feel discouraged if they have not equalled their expectations, for the art of debating is one that can not be acquired hurriedly. It is not innate, but must be mastered by long and strenuous efforts, as those who have experience well know. It is related that the first time Daniel Webster was called upon to make a speech in public he failed miserably, but not the least disheartened, he applied himself more assiduously than before, and the success and fame he achieved by his eloquence in later days show how successful were his efforts.

Professor Murphy has arranged on a table in the library books and periodicals pertaining directly to the question under discussion, and he is daily adding to the already extensive list of references. He also desires that those students who have, themselves, valuable references, or know of any, would report to him, or inform others interested in the debating work. Every reference, no matter how trifling, may be useful.

Oberlin, one of the colleges we are to debate, has one of the strongest teams in the West; but that is no reason why we should be discouraged. We have defeated good teams before and we hope to do it again. Those candidates who have survived the last preliminary should bear in mind that our success depends very largely on their individual efforts. There must be no putting off preparation until the evening before debate, no resting on our oars. Either Oberlin or Notre Dame must go down in defeat on March 3. Let us make sure that it will not be Notre Dame.

GALLITZEN A. FARABAUGH, '04.

Last Year's American Athletic Records.

The athletic records of 1902 are not so numerous as those of the preceding year. Probably this will also be said of 1903, for records have been broken so often that we must now be near the limit beyond which human speed, strength and endurance can not go. Judged from the standard reached in athletics, one can hardly conclude that the race is deteriorating physically. We run faster, jump higher, and throw weights farther than did our grandfathers, but very likely we are indebted to more thorough training and improved scientific methods for these results.

The most remarkable athletic performance of last year was undoubtedly that of Duffy, the Georgetown University sprinter. The hundred-yards' record of 9 4-5 seconds made by John Owen of Detroit at Washington in 1890, was thought by experts to be good for all time. The best runners both at home and abroad tried to lower it, but failed in the attempt. The most they succeeded in doing was to equal it, a feat accomplished by Wefers, also a Georgetown man, by Duffy himself, and by one or two in New Zealand and Australia. The record baffled all aspirants, and confirmed the experts in their opinions until last May when Duffy went the distance at Berkeley Oval in 9 3-5 seconds. The time-keepers on that occasion were thoroughly competent officials, two of them being old sprinters themselves, and the third, the delegate-at-large to the A. A. U. The two watches that synchronized showed 9 3-5 seconds, which, according to rules that govern such events, determined the record. The third watch timed a fifth of a second less. The man that lowers Duffy's record deserves the laurel crown.

Another sprinter who did good work during the last year is A. H. Kent. On August 2, at Maspeth, Long Island, he ran 57 yards in 5 3-5 seconds, a fifth of a second lower than the previous record. In the same month at Celtic Park, he covered forty yards in 4 3-5 seconds, a feat equalled by only the very fastest on the cinder path.

In relay racing, which of late has become a popular branch of athletics, one record was equalled and another broken. These events took place on April 26, at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, where, by the way, Notre Dame was represented. In four relays the Harvard team covered a mile in 3 minutes 21.2-5

seconds, a time equal to that made by Burke, Long, Lyons and Wefers on Manhattan Field in 1897. A new record was set for the two miles by another Harvard team who made the distance in 8 minutes 4 4-5 seconds.

In weight-throwing, a new world's record is credited to Martin J. Sheridan who sent the discus 127 feet 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Flanagan, the famous hammer thrower, and now one of New York's policemen, threw the fifty-six pound weight from stand, without follow, 28 feet 5 inches, establishing a new record; but his performance was eclipsed later in the year by J. S. Mitchell with a throw of 30 feet 2 inches. About the same time, Sheridan threw the fifty-six pounds, unlimited run and follow, 38 feet 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, which is only 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches less than the world's record held by T. F. Keily of Tipperary, Ireland.

Though few records were made in 1902 other than those I have enumerated, many of the old ones were equalled, and much good work was done both in field and track events. Besides tieing the sixty-yards' record, Duffy won for the third consecutive time the English 100-yards' championship. Wefers' 220-yards' record has not yet been lowered, but it was in imminent danger when P. J. Walsh of the New York A. C. ran the distance in 21 3-5 seconds around a curved track in Montreal. In pole vaulting, Magee of Chicago University, is credited with 11 feet 9 inches, which although not a record, is still amongst the best athletic feats of the year.

In the foregoing paragraphs I have touched on the most notable athletic achievements of 1902. The performances are highly creditable to the American athlete, and present a favorable contrast to the athletic records of twenty or thirty years ago. In those days, world's records were almost all held by foreign athletes. Now, we keep most of them at home; but a glance at the names of our record holders would scarcely lead one to conclude that we are the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers.

MACD.

Our Baseball Team.

After a week's steady practice in the gymnasium, under Coach Lynch's direction, the candidates for the baseball team are rounding into form. The increased number of candidates is very encouraging. Of course, it is still too early to venture predictions as to what men are most likely to hold down

positions on the Varsity, but some of the new candidates are showing up splendidly and promise to make the veterans hustle. One thing, however, is certain, and that is, that we have good material. With good hard work, which we may expect under Coach Lynch, we may rest assured that we will compare favorably with any team in the Western colleges. We may not have the fortune to get together as good a team as we had last year, as it was an unusually strong one. O'Neill, Farley and Lynch are hard men to replace; but we look forward to the old men who are still with us to show up even better than last year.

Thursday, Coach Lynch made the first weeding out of the squad. These weedings out will continue from time to time until the most promising of the squad are left. Then the real hard work will begin in earnest. Those who are cut off the list can find consolation in the fact that they have been of some help in developing the team—insomuch as they have compelled the others to work harder. But, above all, they have shown the real college spirit, and that in itself is something to be proud of. They have also benefited themselves and gained some experience which may be of use to them in the future.

The schedule has not been completed yet. Manager Daly, however, expects games with a number of the conference teams.

Athletic Notes.

Basket-ball has been revived and is very popular. There are good games played every evening in the Brownson gymnasium between picked teams. To-night Brownson and Carroll open up the Inter-Hall series in the Brownson gymnasium.

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Albert Becker, right fielder and sub-catcher on the Varsity in '98 under "Mike" Powers, has reported for practice, and will no doubt make a strong bid for his old position. He is a steady player, a good sticker, and will be a valuable man.

**

Track team possibilities are brightening. During the past week there has been a fairly large number of candidates out, but still there are several of the likely ones who have not reported. Don't keep putting it off—now is the time to come out.

J. P. O'R.

College Clippings.

The University of Leipsic celebrates its 500th anniversary in 1909. Cornell is adopting the laboratory plan of instruction in Mathematics. University of Minnesota holds a yearly spelling match between her Freshman and Sophomores.

A majority of the members of the Hyde Park team that defeated the Brooklyn Polytechnic team in Wolverine style, have announced their intention of entering the Ann Arbor school next Fall.

Two Chinese students bound for Oberlin College were held in San Francisco under the terms of the Chinese Exclusion Act, because they intended to work their way through school. After a year's wandering, in the course of which they were again stopped at the Canadian border on the same charge, they finally reached Oberlin; after the college authorities had given bond that the young men would not do any manual labor.

The University Senate at Michigan has forbidden all betting on athletic sports. The move is made in the interest of morality and to prevent university athletics from degenerating to the level of the prize fight and the horse race.

By a vote of 295 to 88, the Senior class at Harvard decided in favor of wearing caps and gowns after May 1st. Yale Seniors have decided to wear their mortar-boards and gowns on every Sunday after Easter.

Coach Yost of Michigan has never coached a losing team and has never lost a championship; teams coached by him have scored a total of 2559 points and have had a total of 95 points scored against them.

Cornell has a registration of 2968. In June of 1902, 490 degrees were conferred, making a total of 6582. The University gives free tuition each year to 600 holders of New York State scholarships. Forty-six states and sixteen countries are represented in the student body.

A college student in rendering an account of his term's expenses, inserted: "To Charity, \$30.00. His sire wrote back: "I fear Charity covers a multitude of sins."

The Western Reserve and Oberlin Universities debate the question, "Resolved: That the United States should retain permanent control of the Philippines."

Personals.

—Mr. W. O. Martin, student '85-'88, has just been heard from. He is secretary of the Soque Mills, Bert, Ga. The SCHOLASTIC is pleased at his success.

—Two Notre Dame men who left the University forty years ago, Mr. William A. Pinkerton of Chicago, and Mr. Moon of Duluth, will sail from San Francisco on the Steamer *Siberia* on the 11th of March for a trip to the Orient, returning late in the summer. These two "old boys" had intended to be with us at the next Commencement, but have now postponed their visit to their *Alma Mater* to June of 1904. They promise to bring back some curios from the lands they visit.

—We have received the following letter from Mr. Clarence T. Hagerty who graduated in 1890:

LAS CRUCES, NEW MEXICO.
Jan. 10, 1903.

DEAR SIR:—Find enclosed money order for subscription to the SCHOLASTIC. The SCHOLASTIC has long been a welcome visitor to me here during the past twelve years, keeping me in touch with my *Alma Mater*.

Truly yours,—CLARENCE T. HAGERTY.

Mr. Hagerty is Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in the New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. We are glad to hear from him, and we wish him continued success.

—We take the following from the Springfield (S. Dakota) *Times*:

Mr. J. J. Bouza is completing what, when finished, will be the largest retail store in South Dakota. This magnificent brick edifice is equipped with its own electric lighting plant, fire engine and pumps, furnaces, and, in fact, every metropolitan convenience, and the stock is such as is carried in the typical department store.

Mr. J. J. Bouza, Jr., was a student of the University in 1900-1901, and Mr. Frank Bouza was also a student in those years. The former was a member of the University Band and took an active part in athletics. We hope for the success of the establishment with which they are connected.

—We take the following from the *McHenry County Republican*, an Illinois newspaper:

There is a new law firm in town. This week C. P. Barnes admitted John J. Cooney, who has been in his office for four years, into a partnership with him, and the firm will hereafter be Barnes & Cooney.

Mr. Cooney has been thoroughly schooled in the mysteries of the law, having been admitted to the practice some time ago. He is the son of R. D. Cooney, of Hartland, one of the pioneers of this county, and is a young man of push and energy, capable, faithful and trustworthy, and that the new firm will meet with the favor of the public goes without saying.

Mr. Cooney was a member of the Law Class of '01 and has many friends among the present students at the University who join with the SCHOLASTIC in wishing him success.

Card of Sympathy.

WHEREAS, God in His infinite goodness and mercy has called to her eternal reward the mother of our beloved classmate, Mr. R. A. Trevino of Sorin Hall, be it

RESOLVED, that on behalf of the students of the University we tender him our heartfelt sympathy,

And also that a copy of these resolutions be printed in the SCHOLASTIC.

B. ENRIQUEZ
M. RINCON
S. GUERRA
J. P. O'REILLY
E. RAYNERI—Committee.

Mrs. Trevino's death took place last Wednesday in Monterey, Mexico. Thursday morning at Notre Dame the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up for the repose of her soul, at which the entire student body assisted. Rev. Father French was the celebrant.

Local Items.

—Mr. Henry S. Cauthorne, has presented to the Library his History of the City of Vincennes from 1702 to 1901.

—We shall have the pleasure of a visit from Dr. James Field Spalding during the coming week. His two lectures will have to do with English Literature, a subject on which he is a recognized authority. Those who appreciate an intellectual treat should not fail to attend.

—Professor John G. Ewing represented Notre Dame at the installation of President Lowe Bryan of Indiana University which took place last Wednesday. On the same day Indiana University dedicated her new Hall of Science which cost one hundred thousand dollars. Many of the most prominent scientists in the country were present at the exercises.

—Notre Dame keeps pace with the times in every department of athletics. Her latest addition has been a skating rink, and to a happy idea of Brother Hugh's we are indebted for its construction. The rink is on Brownson Hall campus and within easy reach of every student of the University. To defray the cost of construction a raffle is being organized, and the prizes vary from a solid gold watch or its value, fifty dollars, to a college pin. In all two hundred and fifty dollars are offered in prizes. Tickets for the drawing, as well as a view of the articles to be drawn for, may be had in the Carroll Hall reading-room. As the tickets are only fifty cents each, it is hoped that every student will buy at least one and thus assist the promoters in meeting the expenses incurred in introducing a deservedly popular form of athletic exercise.